

# Wichita Daily Eagle

## THE APPOINTMENT.

The late, the astronomer in his lonely height,  
Exploring all the dark, desolate air,  
Ors that like stars of distant splendor are,  
And morning whitening in the infinite,  
Like a white cloud the world's go by in flight,  
Or a star in gliding space's void,  
The sun's own disc, the wandering stars  
Return to their courses in such a flight,  
The star will come. It does not go to our  
Chast science or faith's calculation.  
Men will have passed, but watchful in the tower  
Man shall remain in deepest contemplation;  
And should all men have perished there in turn,  
Truth in their place would watch the stars re-  
turn.

—Prudhomme.

## A WILD NIGHT RIDE.

At 9 o'clock one September evening in 1870 I took the coach which left Custer City—our Custer village, for the town consisted of twenty or thirty log structures—to go to Sidney, Neb. A coach I suppose it should be called, though on the plains this vehicle, which has the driver's seat, on the same level as the passengers' seats, is called a "hack."

I had gone to the "Hills" to engage in mining, but after four months of prospecting had decided to open a general supply store at the town of Deadwood, and was on my way to Omaha to purchase goods for the venture.

A tin lamp, fastened in one corner of the "hack," discovered to me two passengers within a few minutes of my departure. One was an old gentleman, apparently well and ill, for, although it was not a cold night, he was shivering in a coarse, heavy shawl overcoat. Moreover, such of his face as I could see between a gray beard, which almost covered it, and the rim of a slouch hat, was pale and thin, and the eyes looked sunken and unnatural. At least, so they struck me at a cursory glance.

The other passenger was a young fellow of twenty-two or twenty-three years, I judged, decidedly dandified in his dress for that region. He wore a stiff hat and a stand up collar encircled by a necktie, and had on a dark suit, evidently custom made, which was an unusual "get up" for that region, and one which at once aroused my suspicion, for the only persons I had seen about the mining towns dressed in anything like that fashion were gamblers, a class of men I had made it a point to avoid.

Just before setting out the driver came to the side of the vehicle, thrust in a light Winchester carbine and placed it between my knees.

"See you didn't have no gun," said he, "and I keep a couple of extra ones for tech."

That was all. No further explanation was necessary in those days.

I took charge of the weapon, although I was as little expert in its use as I was in handling the Smith & Wesson in my hip pocket, which, indeed, I had never discharged.

I knew enough of life in the mines to know that the "bad man with a gun" is usually a man who goes into difficulty rather than the lawable citizen, and that a single ride from Custer to Sidney at that time was a trip not altogether likely to be without its adventures, and for once I regretted my unfamiliarity with "smoking iron."

It occurred to me that if we were "jumped by road agents" as the miners say, the front loaders of the route would have little to fear from the occupants of the hack, whether they got much money or not. There were usually valuables of some sort in the iron box under the driver's seat.

The young man who sat opposite me had a carbine across his lap, but I fancied he knew even less of its use than I did. As we started he sat without noticing me, twirling a slight mustache and humming a tune. "A fresh gambler, if one at all," I said to myself upon a second look at him.

The old man had no arms in sight. The driver no doubt regarded him as out of the fight at any event.

As we rolled up into Buffalo Gap I had a few words of conversation with my companions. I learned that the elder was an Iowa farmer, who had come out to see what he could do in the new mines, but he had been ill with mountain fever, and afterward attacked by rheumatism, so that he had been forced to abandon his projects and return to the east. He spoke freely, and in the clearest English of western men.

The young fellow said he was from New York. "Nash York," he pronounced it. He was, he said, a student of mining engineering, but he did not mention what his business had been in that region; but what was not strange, for we could not talk much. A jolting stage bowing over a rough country at eight miles an hour does not give the best opportunity for conversation.

I soon became sleepy, and leaning back in my corner took such momentary cat naps as the nature of the road permitted. At 11 o'clock we made a brief halt at a temporary stage station, where the driver's four-in-hand team was changed for four horses.

I peeped out and got a glimpse of the teams of two men with lanterns, of a lone structure of adobe or adobe faintly outlined, and of the black side of a pine covered mountain beyond. The night was quite dark, with floating clouds and no moon. It became somewhat lighter as we passed out of the little town, and I raised through a crack in the heavy "diap" opposite.

The road was now smoother, and I settled back in my corner, so my companion had done, to get a little sleep if possible. I dozed off for a time, but was awakened by the grunting of the driver's horse. He seemed to be in great pain, and writhed about nervously. I asked him what was the trouble. He replied that this rheumatism in his legs was nearly killing him.

"I wish the driver'd let me out to get to the next creek," I said. "I believe, I can get out of the horse's legs or die. Yes, I'm troubled with cramp rheumatism, and I wish no room in here to let the cramp out of my legs."

I told him I would speak to the driver when we halted, a few minutes later, at the bend of a stream—White river, I believe. I then put my head out of the side and asked that the old gentleman might be let out for a moment to stretch his legs.

"All right," said the driver, as he clam-

bered down from his own seat. "I'm goin' ter oncheck 'n' let the horses take a pull at the drink."

I then helped the old man to dismount, standing him by the arm as he got down. He seemed to have a good deal of difficulty in alighting, and groaned in a most lugubrious fashion. The flap swung to let him out. The young man opposite me lay curled up on his seat, but I could see that his eyes were wide open, and that he was crying me with a sharp, keen glance. My eyes were responded when they fell upon his, for he straightened up in an alert fashion and leaned toward me.

"Say," he whispered, "do you think that old caddy 'n' right? Didn't he get down?"

The question started me, and I was about to make some reply when a gun or pistol shot rang in our ears, followed by a yell either of pain or surprise, and a hush of the hack drove me forward against my companion's knees.

Either the shot or the yell had started our team, and we went down the bank into the stream with a lunge. I heard shots—one, two, three—as we splashed through the water. Then more yells, loud and fierce.

My notion at what had happened or what was happening was confused for a moment, and then I saw my comrade for the light still burned—crawling through to the driver's seat as we went careening up the opposite bank.

A second later he had gathered the lines, which were tied in front, and while he held them with one hand he grasped a rib of the hack with the other. Then he leaned out and glanced back.

Luckily the horses, which were going at a gallop—were animals which needed no urging—kept to the road, and the cool headed young fellow was not pelted out.

"There's a lot of 'em," he shouted in at me a moment later. "I can just see four or five getting on their horses. They've killed the driver, I guess, and are after us now."

With that he gathered up the long lashed whip, which lay in the boot, and dropping upon his knees, began yelling and laying the whip upon the team.

In a moment we were going at a fearful pace, and despite the excitement and fright of the moment I noticed that our four horses came to hand and ran with a steady, even gait, which did credit to the young man's driving.

"Get ready for 'em now!" he screamed back at me, "they'll be down on us in a minute. Open the back flap 'n' pour it into 'em with your guns, and when they're empty get mine under the seat!"

He was my captain as well as driver, and I obeyed instinctively, for I certainly had formed no plan of defense or action on my own account.

I managed to unbutton and roll up the leather behind, and peering out, on my knees behind the back seat, I saw that we were indeed followed, and that they were within rifle shot. I opened fire on them over the seat. I worked the lever of my gun as rapidly as I could, and made a few good business shots. I fired a small stick and began trying to get it out. In the meantime our pursuers were gaining with every second.

They were within fifty yards before I could get out my shell, and I was too excited to think of using another gun. Suddenly the light in the rear winked out, and a hand upon my shoulder jerked me backward. Then a voice yelled in my ear:

"Let me get at that! Load the guns for me 'n' let the team go. We might as well smash 'em as be killed by bullets. Here—here's two boxes of cartridges."

I dropped back to the other seat and gave place to him. He threw his carbine over the back of the hind seat and began firing.

It seemed to me that a steady stream of fire poured out of the back of the stage, and before I had filled the magazine of my gun his was empty. He snatched mine, however, and thrust his own back into it.

"Keep close down in the bottom!" shouted my comrade as he kept on with his firing.

The "road agents" did not come nearer, evidently fearing too great exposure to the stream of shots from the hack, and my courage rose to such a point that I began to wonder why they did not level my comrade's gun at them. I caught glimpses, as I glanced up now and then, of a plunging horseman, with shadowy, outstretched arms, from which flashed blazes after blazes of light.

All at once we began descending into a gully, and the hack bounced from side to side so violently that it was impossible for us to do anything, but cling to the sides of the box.

"It's all right," rang my companion's voice in my ear, shortly after we had begun the descent. "They've quit. They can't ride along the side of the gulch and dare not follow straight behind. There's a stage ranch below. A moment later I noticed that we were slowing up and running more steadily. I peered out and saw a little light in the distance, and a sound in front of a stage station.

Our story was soon told, our horses exchanged, and a fresh driver, doubly armed, put with us. Such little accidents do not stop stages in those parts.

There, as they told us, from that name gang. The three men who were left promised to go immediately and look after our other driver.

It was only the darkness and the motion of the vehicle and horse that had saved us from being shot. We found several bullet marks about the coach next morning. One of them, well aimed, had gone through the back seat at an angle and into the front, and might have passed directly between us. My respect for my young comrade was greatly raised by the event of that night, and was further increased on my acquaintance which discovered his real acquaintance with what he called his "smoking iron."

On my return to the "Hills" I learned that our driver had been pelted up at the crossing of the creek badly wounded, and also that the brave fellow had yelled to the team to go the very second he was hit. He had been carried to Sidney. As to the rheumatic old man, he was, of course, a rascal in league with the band who attacked us—Yonks's Companion.

He Doubted.

"Why don't you eat, Mr. Bliven?" said that young man's landlady. "You seem in doubt about something."

"I am."

"I can't make up my mind whether that is a very small piece of steak or whether the servant simply forgot to wash the plate."

—Washington Post.

## THE LADY WHO RIDES ASTRIDE.

Miss Mabel Jenness' Side of the Story of Her Innovation.

New York, April 15.—It is a matter of deep regret to the many friends of Miss Mabel Jenness, who know her to be a young woman of the greatest refinement and not at all a sensationist, as well as to herself, that she should be presented, through a misunderstanding of her present position toward the much discussed "Riding Question," as a person seeking notoriety.

Miss Jenness is always interested in improved physical conditions. During the past winter she has been a regular attendant at a well known riding school for exercise, and has always at her horse in the conventional manner and costume. Watching the class constantly it dawned upon her mind that the present method of women riding sidewise was attended with difficulties, leaving one set of muscles completely inert. Again, a one sided development of the body is a natural consequence of always riding upon the right side; the right leg becomes affected and weakened.



For Sale by all

# Good morning

## Have you used PEARS' SOAP?

WILLIMANTIC SPOOL

SIX-CORD COTTON.

Leading Dealers.

34 Union Square, New York City, Aug. 31st, 1889.

After a series of tests at our Elizabethport factory, extending over a period of several months, we have decided to use the WILLIMANTIC SIX-CORD SPOOL COTTON, believing it to be the best thread now in the market, and strongly recommend it to all agents, purchasers and users of the Singer Machine.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

## A Shark That Was Hungry.

The funniest thing that happened to me on the last passage to Honolulu. It happened this way: We have a patent self-registering log. The register is attached to the tailfin and the propeller is towed astern. We had about 300 feet of line out. It was just about thirty feet long and in a terrible rage, looking like a wire and there was a terrible flurry near the propeller. I happened to be on deck and, seeing the trouble, ran to the tailfin. What do you think I saw? Why, I saw a shark! A great big blue shark had swallowed the propeller. I called some hands aft and we started to haul in the line. There were seven hands pulling on the line beside myself, and yet we had a hard time pulling the fish in. But, by thunder, sir, we hauled 280 feet of line in until the shark was right under our counter. He was quite thirty feet long and in a terrible rage, looking like a wire and there was a terrible flurry near the propeller. I happened to be on deck and, seeing the trouble, ran to the tailfin. 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